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FREE IN
ISSUE 31
Spooky
Pop-up



CLASSIC SERIAL
Dracula's Guest
Chapter 2

PUZZLES
Ghost Ship

THE UNEXPLAINED
Mystery Lights

Next week in

THE SPINECHILLER
Collection

SUPER SCARY STORY
Spiderbites

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
Central America
Tough Tackle

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Deacon Brodie

30 CONTENTS

SUPER SCARY STORY
Family Reunion

OUR HAUNTED WORLD
The London Dungeon
Night Fright!

STRANGE BUT TRUE
Bridey Murphy

CLASSIC SERIAL
Dracula's Guest
Chapter 1

PUZZLES
Spooky Smugglers

THE UNEXPLAINED
Psychic Pets

FAMILY REUNION

Pete searched the landscape as it whizzed by. "Water tower!" Pete called out excitedly. "Water tower starts with W. Now it's your turn." He glanced at his big brother, Mark, who was sitting beside him. "You have to find something that starts with X."

They were playing an alphabet game to make the long car journey pass more quickly. Although they were ten years apart in age, Mark was always patient with his younger brother. He studied the farmland outside the window. "X-tra big cow," he finally announced with a straight face.

"That's not fair!" Pete shot Mark a glance. But he wasn't really annoyed.

"OK, you win," Mark said. "There's no way I'm going to see a xylophone out here."

It was a long drive to the family farm to visit Uncle Ed, Aunt Belinda and Grandma Ruby. Pete had been there several times before, but this time was different and very special. It was the ten-year family reunion. At the last reunion he had only been a baby, so he didn't remember any of it. He'd certainly heard about it, though... a lot.



'There have been Collinses on this land for hundreds of years,' his dad had always said proudly. Mark had actually been born there before their parents moved to Cornwall. Now, relatives were coming from all over the country to gather in the small village. Pete was going to get to meet aunts and uncles and cousins that he'd never met before, including Uncle Milo. He was the oldest person in the entire family.

As they drew nearer, Pete could hardly sit still. And when they pulled up to the large farmhouse, Uncle Ed was standing on the porch to greet them.

"Well, it's about time you got here," his deep voice boomed. "Belinda's been staring out of the window since lunchtime."

As he spoke, a pleasant woman in her mid-fifties appeared and waved enthusiastically from the kitchen window. By the time the family was inside, Aunt Belinda was already setting out a hot meal.

"You must all be starving!" she declared, with a hearty laugh.

Chatting and laughing, everyone took their seat at the table. But there was one empty place.

"Where's Grandma Ruby?" Mark asked.

Belinda and Ed glanced at each other. "She's just feeling a little under the weather," Ed said finally.

"I'm fine." Everyone looked up to see the plump, grey-haired woman standing in the doorway. She stared back at them without smiling. "It's all this fuss," she complained. "I just can't stand it. All these

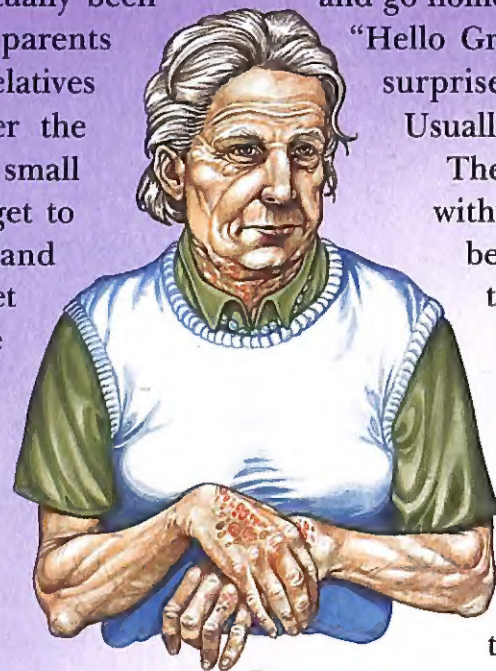
people coming here. Why can't they just get this reunion business over with quietly and go home?"

"Hello Grandma Ruby," Pete said, surprised at her grumpiness. Usually she was so nice.

The old woman turned away without answering, but not before Pete had noticed her throat and the backs of her hands. They were covered with patches of dry, scaly skin.

Belinda immediately apologised. "Grandma Ruby's not feeling herself, but she's going to be 'seen to' very soon."

Pete noticed that his mum and dad were nodding knowingly.



The next morning, as Mark and Pete rolled out of bed, Mark challenged his brother, "Come on! Get a move on or I'll get all the bacon," he said.

"Not if I can help it!" Pete laughed, grabbing his jeans.

As they climbed into their places at the kitchen table, Pete bumped the table and some juice slopped over the side of his glass.

"Can't you boys behave like gentlemen for once, instead of hooligans?" Aunt Belinda snapped. Everyone looked at her in surprise. Nervously, she dabbed at the spot of juice on the tablecloth. Pete couldn't help but notice the dry patches of scaly skin on the backs of her hands.

"I'm sorry," Pete said timidly. He tried to change the subject. "Is Grandma Ruby feeling better this morning?"

With a grim expression, Belinda looked at the other adults at the table. "She's... not well. She's gone away for a day or two."

"Away where?" Pete asked.

"Just away!" his aunt answered harshly. And with that she swept out of the room.



Pete and Mark spent the early part of the day in town, and Pete was glad since everyone at home seemed grumpy. Still, almost everywhere they went, they ran into a relative, and Pete soon realised that most of them were edgy and out of sorts, too. When he and Mark got home, Pete decided to talk to his parents about it. He found them in the living room going over some sort of printed timetable.

"He should be ready by tomorrow," his dad said grimly.

His mum was serious. "How do you think we should handle it?"

"We'll leave that to Milo."

When Pete entered the room, they stopped talking and his dad slipped the timetable into an envelope.

"What's up, son?" he asked with a forced smile.

Pete flopped into a chair. "What's wrong with everyone?" he asked. "I thought this was supposed to be a big celebration, but no one seems very happy."

"Well," his mum began, "there are so many things to do, traditions and so on. People get irritable."

A knock at the door interrupted her. "I wonder who that could be?" Mr Collins said with a false cheeriness.

It was Uncle Milo. If there was a centre to the entire family, he was certainly it. Pete had no idea how they were related. Everyone called him 'Uncle'. All of the adults treated him with respect and – Pete thought – fear.

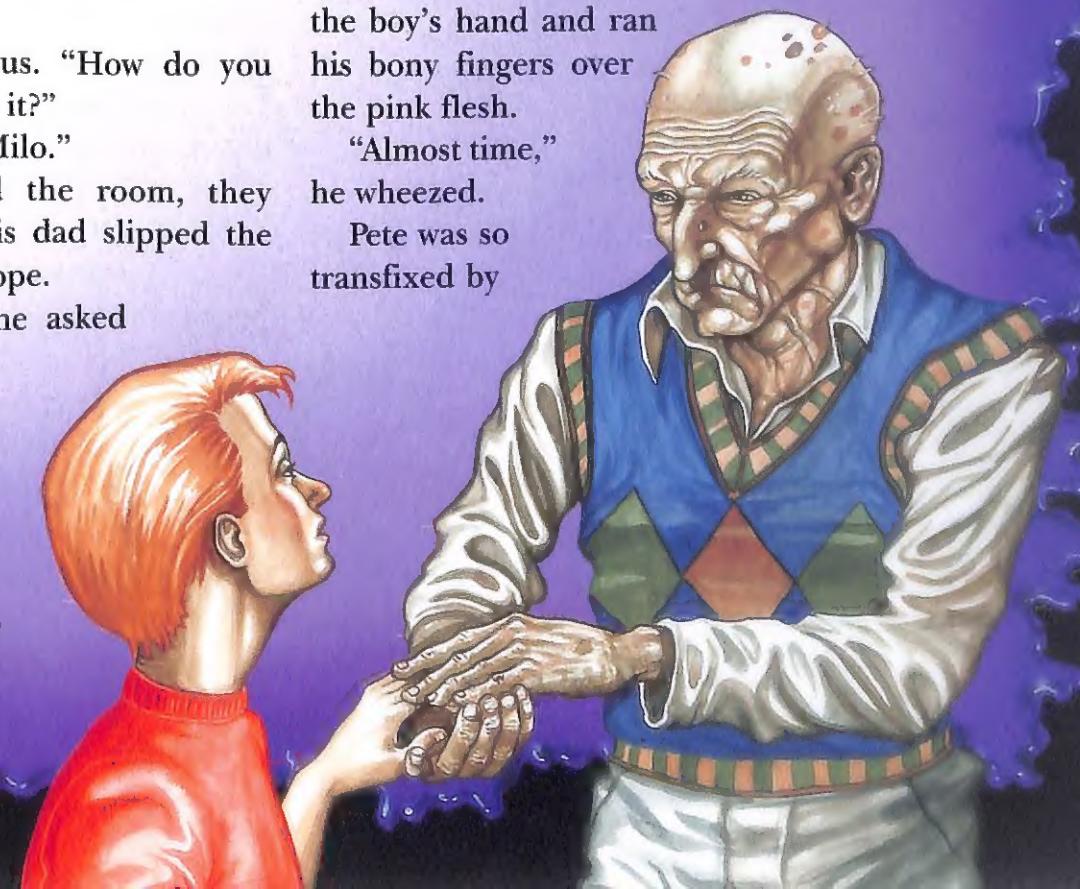
As Milo entered, Pete felt his spine tingle. The old man looked like a walking corpse. His dry skin hung in loose wrinkles, and a few white hairs stuck straight out from his age-spotted scalp. No one knew for certain how old he was. He had run the huge storage warehouse at the edge of town for as long as anyone could remember.

"George... Monica," Milo said gruffly, nodding a greeting.

Pete felt anxious as the ancient man turned his dark gaze directly on him. Without a word, Milo grasped the boy's hand and ran his bony fingers over the pink flesh.

"Almost time," he wheezed.

Pete was so transfixed by





Uncle Milo that he barely noticed when Mark entered the room.

"Uncle Milo," Mark said, extending his hand. Milo took it and gazed at it intently. Finally, he looked up and smiled like a hideous corpse

"Yes. This is good. You come with me to the warehouse, boy," Milo ordered.

Mark obeyed without question. He didn't even look at his little brother as he followed the old man out of the door.

"Why are they going to the warehouse?" Pete said mostly to himself. He stood at the picture window. As he watched the pair leave, he absentmindedly rubbed at a patch of dry red skin that was itching the back of his hand.



A bright bar of sunlight falling across his pillow woke Pete early the next morning. Rolling over, he noticed that Mark's side of the bed had not been slept in.

"He didn't tell me about a fishing trip," Pete said scowling when his mother explained where the older boy had gone.

"Well, maybe he feels he doesn't have to report to you



everytime he wants to go somewhere," his father snapped angrily.

Pete didn't believe their explanation for a minute. His parents had never lied to him before. There was something going on – and he intended to find out what. Whatever it was, it had something to do with that warehouse.

In the late-night shadows, the warehouse looked creepy and distorted. It hadn't been difficult for Pete to sneak out of the house after everyone else had gone to sleep, but now it didn't seem like such a good idea. Taking a deep breath, he hoisted himself up through a partly open window. Once inside, he could tell why no one had bothered to lock the windows. The place was filled with broken-down farm equipment that looked as though it hadn't been used in years. Some of the rusty hulks were partly covered by tarpaulins, which made the junk look like huge, crouching beasts waiting to spring.

Suddenly Pete heard a scuffling sound near the wall to his left. He switched on the small torch he had brought with him and aimed the beam towards the noise. Large rat eyes glared back at him. The creature took a step towards him, then another. Pete glanced from side to side for a way to escape, but the rat abruptly turned and slinked away.

Pete let out a long breath and waved the thin torch beam around. On the far wall, he noticed a door. He moved quietly towards it, gripped the handle, and slowly turned it. The latch clicked and he pulled the door open to find a wooden staircase that led down into the blackness.

"OK, hero," he said softly to himself. "I guess this is what you have to do."

Pete squared his shoulders and took a step... then another. Even though he was scared, he descended step by step into a huge, vault-like underground chamber. As in the room above, there were tarpaulin-covered objects. He edged towards the one closest to him. With a trembling hand, he gripped the edge of the cover and, taking a deep breath, pulled it back.

"YEEAGGGGGHHHHH!" He backed away, stumbling, from the ghastly sight. There on a smooth, metallic table lay the body of a man. It was wrapped in what looked like a coating of sticky threads, like those of a spider's web or a moth's cocoon.

Gathering his courage, Pete lifted the tarpaulin he was now leaning against. It was another body.

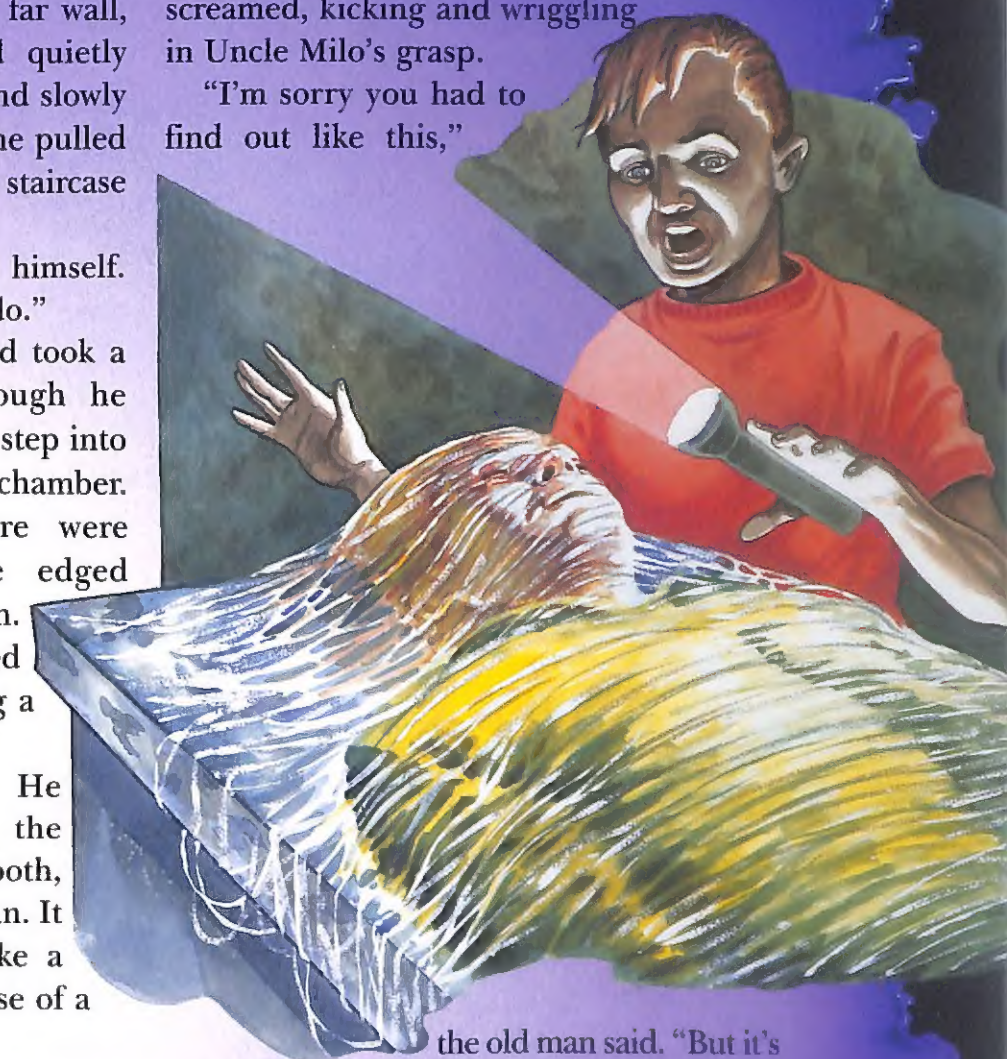
"I don't believe this," he gasped. In the beam of his small torch, he could see dozens of covered tables. He reached out and lifted one more cover. Tears blurred his vision. Mark's unseeing eyes stared back at him. He, too, was covered in a sticky layer.

"NO!" Pete cried out, touching his brother's face. It was cold and clammy.

"We didn't expect you so soon, son." A pair of incredibly strong hands grasped Pete from behind and lifted him off his feet. It was Uncle Milo.

"What have you done to them?" the boy screamed, kicking and wriggling in Uncle Milo's grasp.

"I'm sorry you had to find out like this,"



the old man said. "But it's too late now. We'd best get you home."

With an iron grip, Milo guided Pete towards the now well-lit farmhouse. His frantic parents were waiting inside. The boy stared in disbelief. They looked as if they hadn't slept in weeks. His mother scratched continuously at the scaly skin of her arms and face. It was peeling away in long, dry strips.

"Where did you find him?" his dad asked with agitation.

"In the warehouse," Milo growled. "He knows."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, Milo," a gentle voice interrupted. "He's got to find out some time."

Pete looked over to a figure standing by the hall door. It was Grandma Ruby. She looked younger and lovelier than he had ever seen her. She smiled sweetly and held out her arms to him.

"Come here, child. Everything is all right," she said.

Milo pulled Pete's sleeve back to expose the boy's arm. His skin was peeling in parched sheets. Terrified, Pete twisted out of Milo's grasp and backed towards the door. "Get away from me!"

"Peter," his mother soothed. "Please... you have to..."

Pete's heart was beating like a hammer. "What's happening?" he yelled. "Do the old people take over the bodies of the young? Is that it?"

In the corner of his eye, Pete saw Uncle Ed trying to slip into the room from the kitchen. Pete wheeled around and zigzagged between his father and Milo, barely escaping out of the open front door.



Keeping to darkened fields and away from roads, Pete managed to get away. With tears stinging his eyes, he stumbled through standing rows of ripening corn.

Finally, drawn to the glow of an all-night petrol station just off the motorway he lurched on to the tarmac and stood blinking in the glaring lights.

"Help me," he begged a young man who was filling the tank of his sports car. "Please, I need a lift into town."

"Sure," the man shrugged. "I'm going that way anyway."

On the road, Pete let his mind wander. He had to get to the police, but what could he tell them? Whatever, he decided, it had to be soon. He paid no attention to the direction the car was travelling until a huge lorry passed them on the road. The lights from the lorry lit up the face of the young man driving the car. For the first time Pete noticed patches of dry skin on the man's face and arms.

"What?" Pete sat up straight just as the car pulled in behind the warehouse. "Let me go!" he screamed at the stony-faced man who dragged him from the seat.

He struggled, but he couldn't break free. Once they were in the underground room, the man released him. Fists

clenched, Pete cringed under the steady gaze of Uncle Milo. To his horror, he saw that his mother was lying on one of the metal tables. A thin layer of the sticky material covered her like gauze and she was breathing heavily.

She spoke in a laboured voice. "Don't fight, Peter. It is our way."

Strangely, Pete was suddenly calm. Maybe she was right. Turning his head slightly he saw an elderly man being helped from a table. The man looked as if he was waking from a gentle slumber.

Uncle Milo placed a strong hand on Pete's shoulder as the boy watched his father take his place on one of the tables. "It must be," Milo said gently. "When our

home world was destroyed two Earth-centuries past, this planet was the only place we found where we could survive."

As the old man spoke, Pete felt a growing sense of serenity. "By hiding the truth about our origins," Milo explained, "we have been able to live peacefully among the Earthlings without detection. That is all we have ever wanted. But we are not exactly like them. The energy from this sun causes our outer layers to wear out. To survive on this planet, every ten years, those of our race must experience a resting period, a time of change."

"You mean sort of like a butterfly?" Pete questioned.

A familiar voice said, "Sort of."

Pete looked up at Mark. As his older brother helped him to a waiting table, Pete felt a sticky substance being released from his own skin. A soft, threadlike cocoon started to form.

"This is the time that we are most vulnerable. But don't worry. You're not alone." Mark assured him. "We gather together here to guard each other. It won't take very long, then we can all return to our homes and the Earthlings will never discover our secret. It will be easier for you the next time."

Pete nodded, closed his eyes, and allowed himself to drift into a deep, restful sleep.

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD



The London Dungeon's displays of horrors from history are enough to curdle anyone's blood... and now it seems that real ghosts are prowling there as well!



NO EASE...

Little Ease (above) was the name for the tiny hole where prisoners were sometimes kept in the Tower of London. It was just 45cm x 60cm x 120cm – so cramped that anyone held there was unable to take any rest at all.



WARNING HEADS

Beheading was an early form of execution, said to have been introduced by William the Conqueror in around 1066. Severed heads were displayed on long spikes on London's bridges, where they were left to rot. This was intended to remind the public of the grisly end that any criminal could expect!



WRETCHED STRETCH

To obtain a prisoner's confession, the rack (below) was frequently used. Most people, when stretched out to breaking point, would admit to anything at all!



GIBBET IRONS

After trial and hanging, a criminal's body was placed in a metal cage (right) and hung from the crossbar of the hangman's gibbet. Usually the criminal was dead by this time. If not, he or she would die slowly of cold or hunger in the cage while observed by passersby.

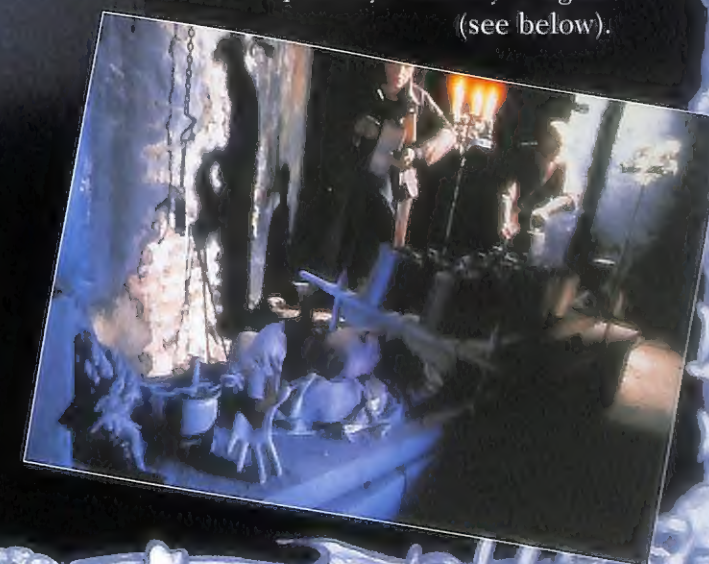


DUNGEON GHOSTBUSTER

In April 1998, Paul Southcott, Director of Investigations for the Ufology and Supernatural Society was called to investigate ghosts and other weird happenings at the London Dungeon. Over a 20-year period, night staff and other workers have been terrified by a misty figure floating down the boat ride, a cloaked figure in the mortuary area, clothes being tugged by an unseen force, doors flying open in the guillotine area and sudden, unexplained rushes of cold air! Paul and his team monitored big changes in electro-magnetic density, and declared that the London Dungeon is 'alive' with supernatural activity! We'll be bringing you more news soon!

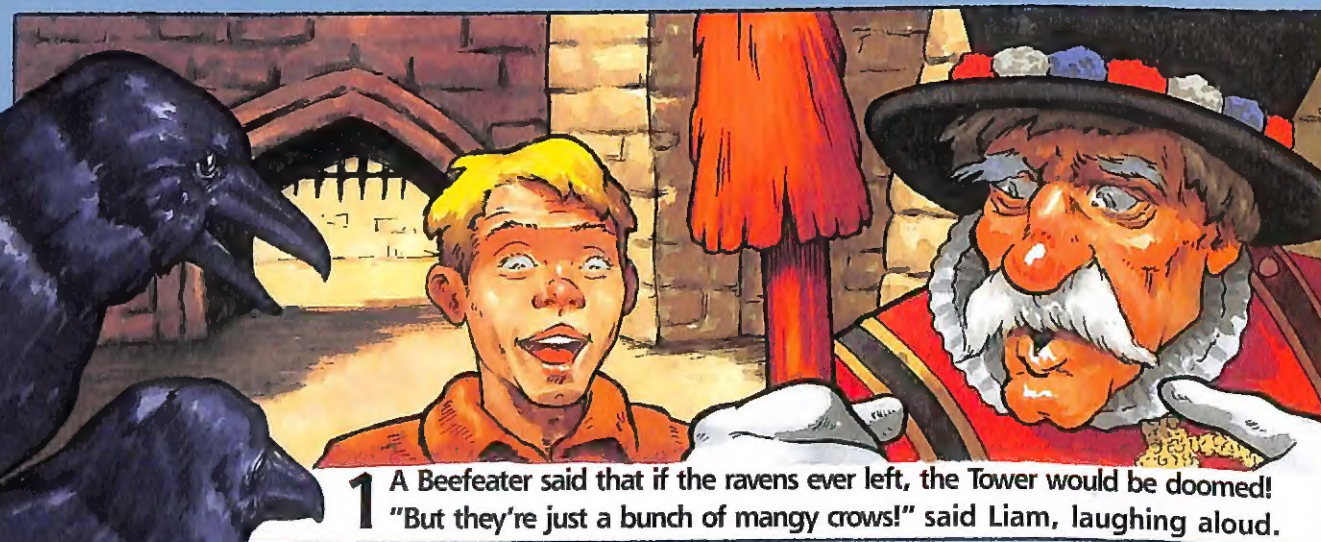
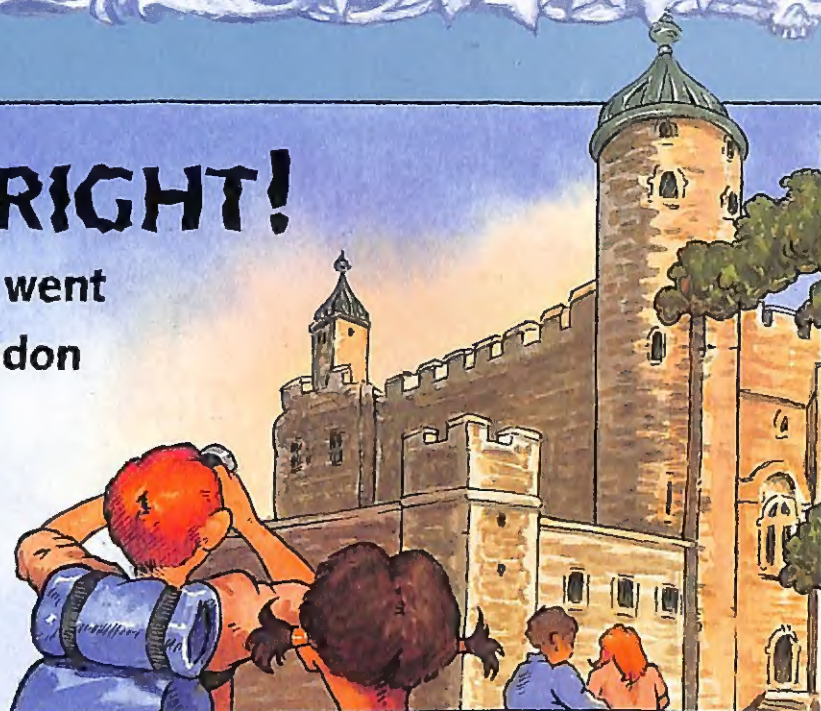
WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE

In 18-century England, prisoners unwilling to plead either 'guilty' or 'not guilty' were frequently pressed to death beneath a quantity of heavy weights (see below).



NIGHT FRIGHT!

A friend of a friend went to the Tower of London with some young history students...



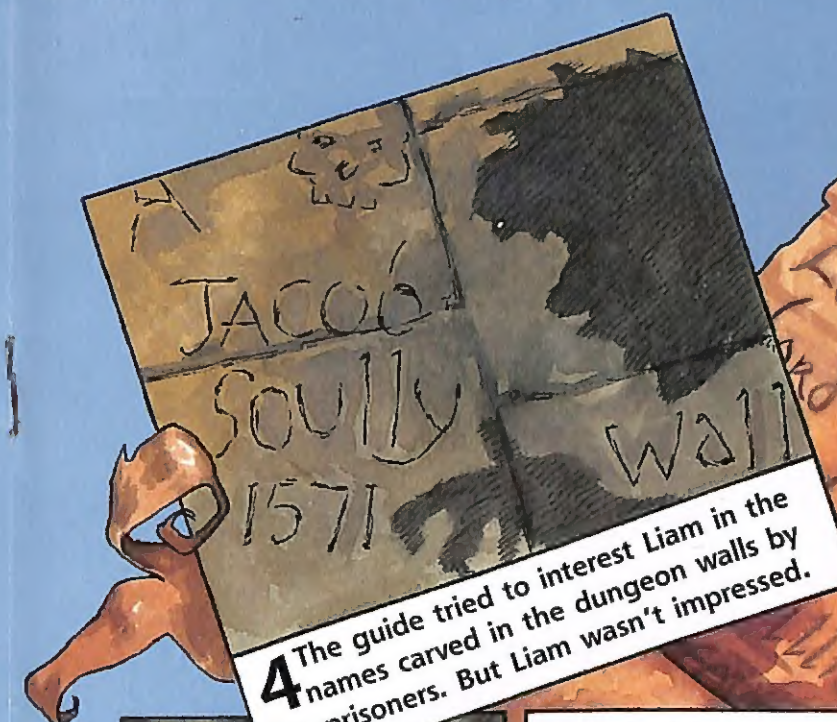
1 A Beefeater said that if the ravens ever left, the Tower would be doomed! "But they're just a bunch of mangy crows!" said Liam, laughing aloud.



2 The group was shown the ancient block, on which prisoners' heads were chopped. "Huh! That's an easy death!" Liam scoffed.



3 On hearing about a sentry who'd seen a ghostly bear-like monster, Liam sneered, "What a stupid guy!"



4 The guide tried to interest Liam in the names carved in the dungeon walls by the prisoners. But Liam wasn't impressed.



6 Strolling off, Liam saw a 'No Entry' sign. He decided to look beyond it.

7 He had just noticed an ancient bloodstain on the floor when he heard a key turn in a distant door!



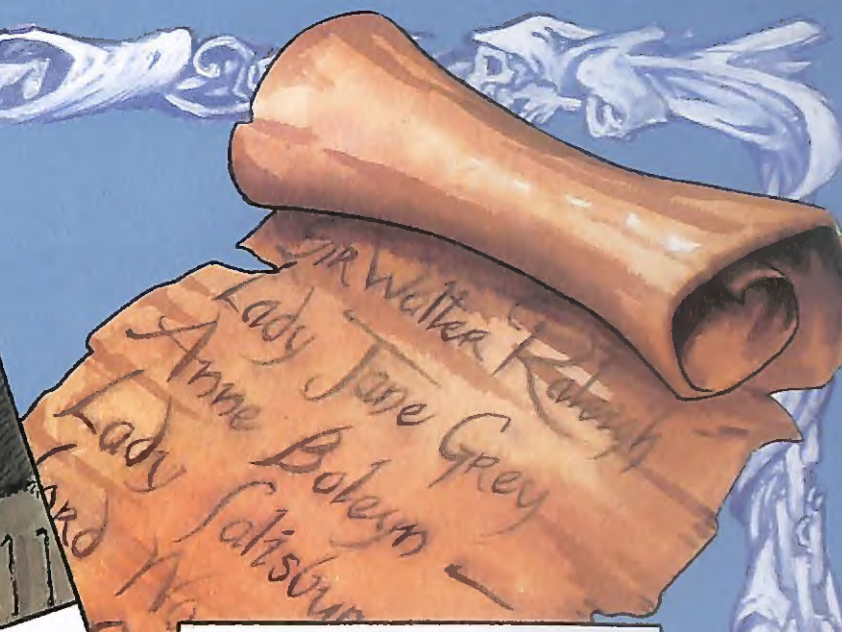
8 As the Tower closed for the night, Liam couldn't be seen. Everyone assumed that he'd got bored and gone home already.



9 Liam hadn't planned to stay the night in the dungeons...



10 ...and by the time the Tower of London was opened next morning, Liam's hair had turned white and he had changed his opinion about ghosts!





BRIDEY MURPHY

Special Investigation File: 30

Subject: an American woman's past life
Place: Wisconsin, USA

SpineChiller creates a file



Evidence no: 30/1
Morey Bernstein (standing)
hypnotises Virginia Tighe

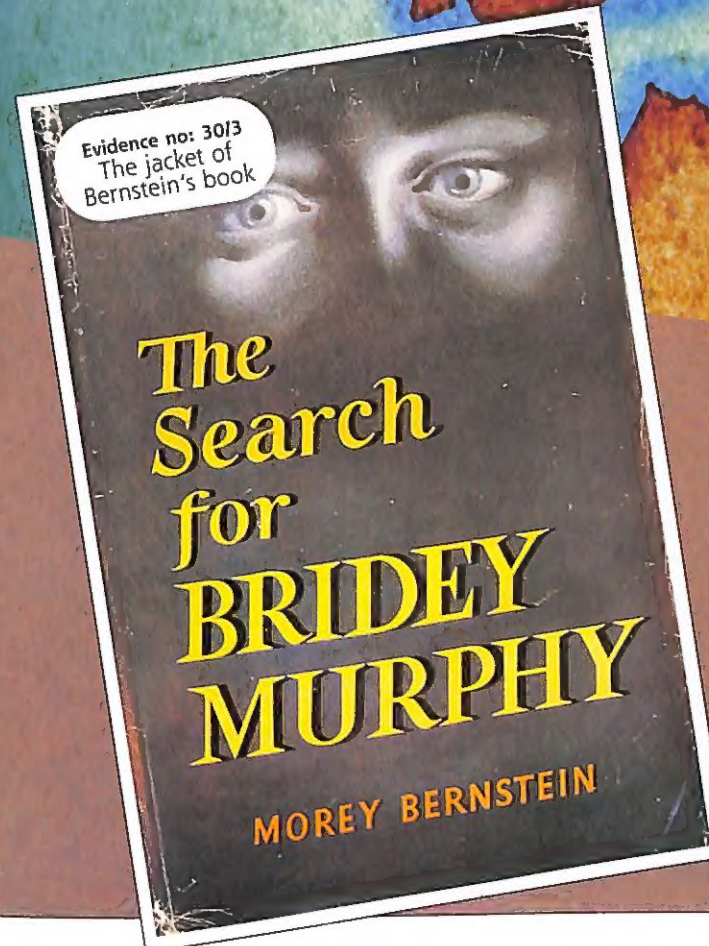
BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Some hypnotists believe that they can transport people back to their previous lives. One strange case of this so-called hypnotic regression occurred in the USA. From November 1952 to October 1953, hypnotist Morey Bernstein sent 29-year-old Virginia Tighe on a mental journey into the past six times. While in a trance, Virginia 'became' a woman called Bridey (Bridget) Murphy. Bridey had apparently lived in Cork, Ireland from 1798 to 1864. In 1956, Bernstein published an account of his work, *The Search for Bridey Murphy*. The book has caused controversy ever since.



Evidence no: 30/2
19th-century
Irish dancers

Madison, Wisconsin, December 1956
Dear Caroline,
I've just read that new book about Virginia. Under hypnosis, she remembered many facts about 19th-century Ireland, even though she has never visited the country. She also provided a family history and described books and dances of the period. She even named stores where she shopped. And all in an Irish accent. Some people don't believe her, but she's always seemed honest to me. What do you think?
Your loving sister
Jacqueline



Evidence no: 30/3
The jacket of
Bernstein's book

BOOK BATTLE RAGES ON!

The fierce battle over 'The Search for Bridey Murphy' continues to rage in the Chicago press. Is it really a genuine record of hypnotic regression or a money-making stunt?

The book at the centre of the argument was first serialised in the 'Chicago Daily News'. Its reporters claim that the work is authentic. But reporters on the rival 'Chicago American' insist that it is a hoax. They claim Virginia Tighe's aunt, Mary Burns, was brought up in Ireland, so could have told her niece about life there. They also say that Virginia once lived opposite an Irishwoman whose maiden name was Bridey Murphy, and who gave her the idea for the character.

TRUE OR FALSE?

American investigators from 'The Denver Post' and 'Empire' magazine tried to uncover the truth about the Bridey Murphy case. Here are just some of the facts that they discovered:

- 1 The family details provided by Mrs Tighe cannot be checked, as records were not kept in Cork until 1864, the year that Bridey died.
- 2 The books, dances and shops that she mentioned all existed at the right time. She also correctly described the coins of the period.
- 3 No trace could be found of the house where 'Bridey' claimed to have lived. St Theresa's Church in Belfast, which she supposedly attended after her marriage, was not built until 1911.



Evidence no: 30/5
19th-century Cork,
Ireland, Bridey's
home town

Evidence no: 30/4
Scene from the 1956 film
'The Search for Bridey
Murphy'

CONCLUSION

Bridey Murphy's story seems to be a mixture of fact and fiction. Under hypnosis, Virginia Tighe probably called up both from her unconscious. But it is also just possible that, as Bridey, she really lived in 19th-century Ireland.

RELAND
Unexplained
Cork

CLASSIC



SERIAL

Chapter 1

Dracula's Guest

Retold from a story by Bram Stoker

I stopped, for there was a sudden stillness. The storm had passed, and, perhaps in sympathy with nature's silence, my heart seemed to cease to beat. But this was only for a moment. Then, suddenly, the moonlight broke through the clouds, showing me that I was in a graveyard, and that the object looming in front of me was a massive tomb made of marble. It was as white as the blanket of snow that lay all around it.

With the moonlight there came a fierce sigh of the storm, which appeared to begin again with a long, low howl, as of many dogs or wolves. I was awed and shocked, and felt the cold grow upon me till it seemed to grip me by the heart. Then, while the flood of moonlight still fell on the marble tomb, the storm gave further evidence of renewing, as though it was returning on its track. Fascination made

me approach the sepulchre to see what it was, and why such a thing stood alone in such a place. I walked around it, and read over the door:

Countess Dolingen of Gratz
In Styria
Sought and Found Death,
1801

On the top of the tomb, seemingly driven through the solid marble, was a great iron spike or stake. On going to the back I saw, graven in large letters:

The Dead Travel Fast

There was something so weird and uncanny about the whole thing that it made me feel quite faint... Here a thought struck me and gave me a terrible shock. This was the evening of May 1, Walpurgis Night! On this night, millions of people believed, the devil walked the Earth. On this night, too, the graves opened, the dead came forth and walked, and all the evil creatures of earth and air and water celebrated. This was where the countess who had killed herself lay. This was the place, too, where I was alone, shivering with cold in the snow, and with a wild storm gathering again upon me!

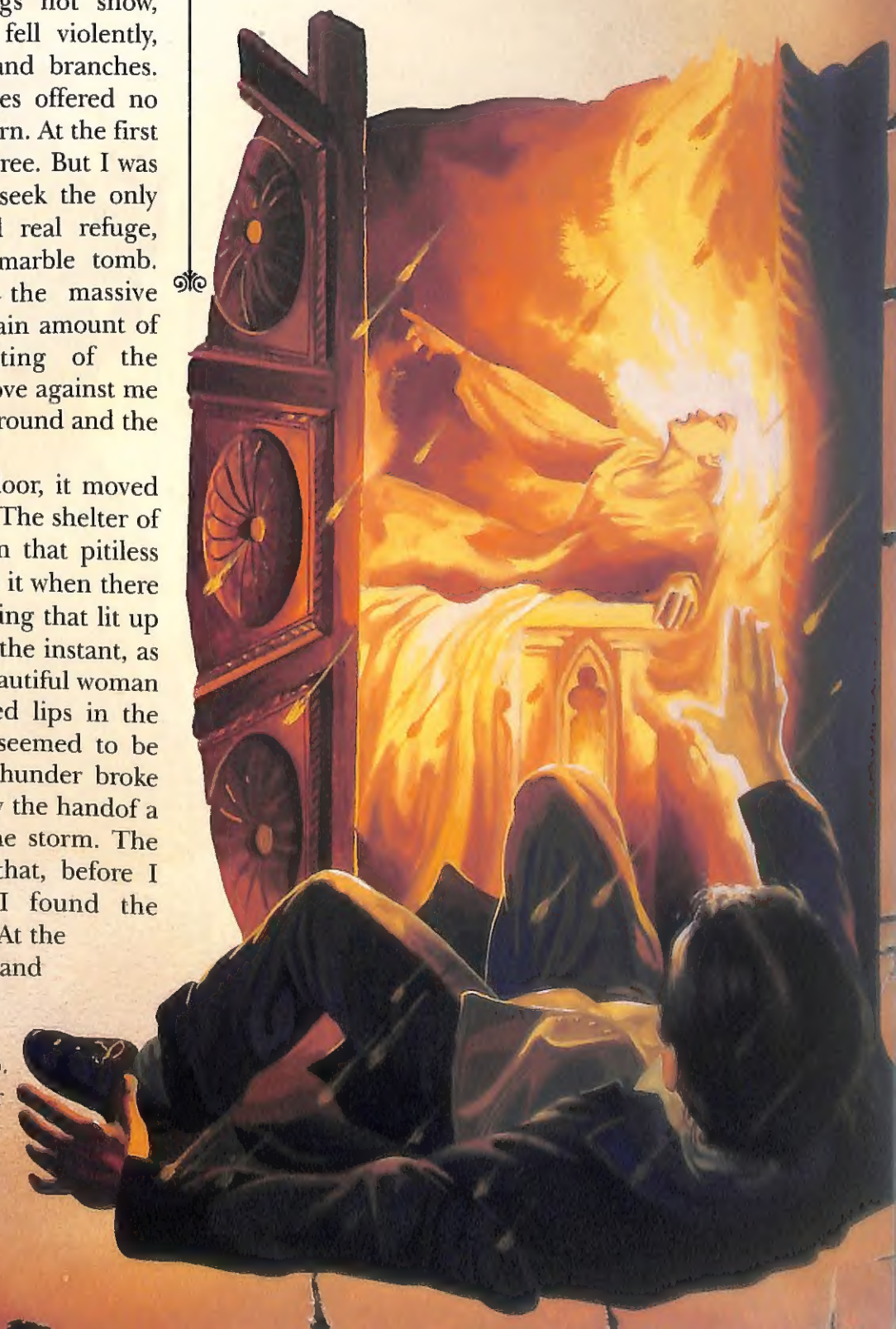
It took all my philosophy, all the religion I had been taught, all my courage, not to collapse in a fit of fright.

And now a perfect tornado burst upon me. The ground shook as though many thousands of horses were thundering across it. This time the storm bore on its icy wings not snow, but great hailstones which fell violently, beating down both leaves and branches. Underneath, the cypress trees offered no more shelter than stems of corn. At the first I had rushed to the nearest tree. But I was soon eager to leave it and seek the only spot that seemed to afford real refuge, the deep doorway of the marble tomb. There, crouching against the massive bronze door, I gained a certain amount of protection from the beating of the hailstones. Now they only drove against me as they ricocheted from the ground and the side of the marble.

As I leaned against the door, it moved slightly and opened inwards. The shelter of even a tomb was welcome in that pitiless tempest. I was about to enter it when there came a flash of forked lightning that lit up the whole of the heavens. In the instant, as I am a living man, I saw a beautiful woman with rounded cheeks and red lips in the darkness of the tomb. She seemed to be sleeping on a bier. As the thunder broke overhead, I was grasped as by the hand of a giant and hurled out into the storm. The whole thing was so sudden that, before I could realise the shock, I found the hailstones beating me down. At the same time I had a strange and powerful feeling that I was not alone.

I looked towards the tomb. Just then there came another blinding flash, which seemed

to strike the iron stake on top and to pour through to the earth, blasting and crumbling the marble, as in a burst of flame. The dead woman rose for a moment of agony, while she was lapped in the flame, and her bitter scream of pain was drowned in the thundercrash. The last thing I heard was this mingling of dreadful sound, as again I was seized in the giant grasp



WORD POWER

awed – filled with fear and wonder

sepulchre – a tomb

ricocheted – bounced back

bier – a platform on which a coffin is placed before burial

lethargy – lack of energy; fatigue

prudence – care; caution

acrid – sharp-smelling

in unison – together

and dragged away. Meanwhile the hailstones beat on me, and the air around was filled with the howling of wolves. The last sight that I remembered was a vague, white, moving mass. It was as if all the graves around me had sent out the phantoms of their dead, and they were closing in on me through the white cloudiness of the driving hail.

Afterwards I gradually returned to consciousness. Then a dreadful sense of weariness came over me. For a time I remembered nothing. But slowly my senses returned. My feet seemed positively racked with pain, yet I could not move them. They seemed to be numbed. There was an icy feeling at the back of my neck and all down my spine, and my ears, like my feet, were dead, yet in torment. But there was in my breast a sense of warmth which was, by comparison, delicious. Yet it was as a nightmare, for some heavy weight on my chest made it difficult for me to breathe.

This period of semi-lethargy seemed to remain a long time, and as it

faded away I must have slept or fainted. Then came a feeling rather like the first stage of seasickness, and a wild desire to be free from something – I knew not what. A vast stillness enveloped me, as though all the world were asleep or dead. It was only broken by the low panting as of some animal close to me. I felt warm, harsh breaths at my throat. Then came a consciousness of the awful truth. It chilled me to the heart and sent the blood surging

up through my brain. Some great animal was lying on me and licking my throat. I feared to stir, for some instinct of prudence made me lie still. But the brute seemed to realise that there was now some change in me, for it raised its head. Through my eyelashes I saw above me the two great, flaming eyes of a gigantic wolf. Its sharp white teeth gleamed in the gaping red mouth, and I could feel its hot breath fierce and acrid upon me.

For another spell of time I remembered no more. Then I became conscious of a low growl, followed by a yelp, renewed again and again. Then, seemingly very far away, I heard a “Holloa! Holloa!” as of many voices calling in unison. Cautiously I raised my head and looked towards where the sound came from, but the cemetery blocked my view. The wolf continued to yelp, and a red glare began to move round the grove of cypresses, as though following the sound. As the voices drew closer, the wolf yelped faster and louder. I feared to make either sound or motion.

THE FACTS

Abraham, known as Bram, Stoker (1847-1912) was born in Dublin, Ireland. A sickly child, Bram was unable to walk until he was seven years old and so had to spend most of his time in bed. In order to keep him amused, his mother read him horror stories. Later he made a full recovery and went on to become an outstandingly good athlete and scholar at Dublin University. But he never lost his childhood fascination for horror.

In 1897, after studying both Transylvania (a region of present-day Romania) and vampires, Stoker wrote the novel *Dracula*. It remains one of the best-selling horror stories of all time.

Dracula's Guest was first intended as a chapter in *Dracula*. But it was eventually published separately in 1914 – two years after Bram Stoker's death – as a sequel. The story takes place in the mountains of southern Germany on Walpurgis Night, a holiday very much like Hallowe'en.

1. A REST UNDER 2. CAUGHT 3. CONTRA
4. T HE LA W 5. SMUGGLED GOOD GOOD GOOD



PICK THE PASSWORDS

If B = 25, P = 11 and W = 4, work out the letters of the passwords on the door that the smugglers must use to enter.

20 - 6 - 18 - 13 - 22 - 26 - 8
20 - 12 - 15 - 23 - 22 - 13

FASCINATING FACTS

Smugglers hid their contraband in all sorts of strange places, from boats with false bottoms to partly hollow barrels. Another trick was to hide tubs of goods underwater.

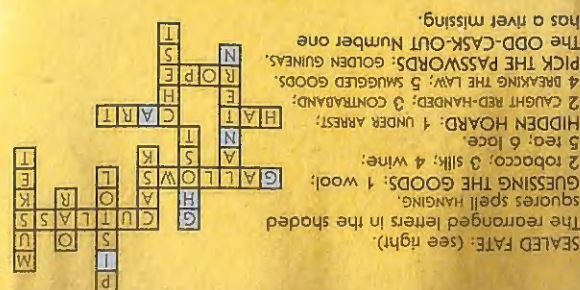
ODD-CASK-OUT

The smugglers are hiding their hoard. But one cask is slightly different to the others. Can you spot it?

PHANTOM FACTS

The ghost of a smuggler-cum-thief named George Weston, one of two prosperous but lawless brothers who lived during the 1700s in ancient Winchelsea, East Sussex, has reportedly been seen on rare occasions.

ANSWERS



PSYCHIC PETS

Can you communicate with your pet pooch? Pet owners often say their furry friends understand what they're saying – and spookily enough, this isn't as far-fetched as it seems.

Psychic investigators claim that many animals have psychic powers, such as telepathy (reading minds), knowing what the future holds, and seeing ghosts.

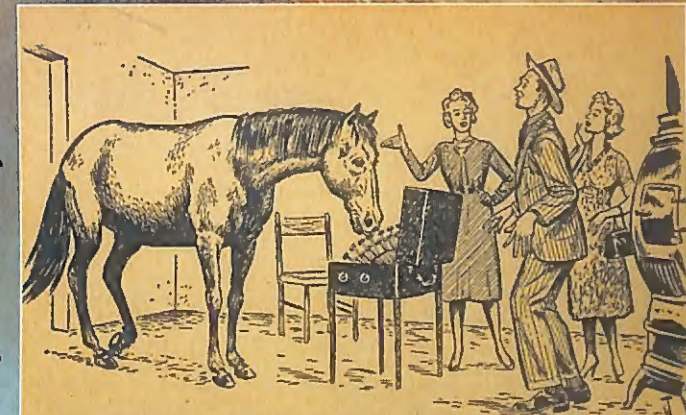
WELCOME HOME

If your pet meets you at the door when you come home, perhaps it is demonstrating more than just good hearing. In a recent experiment, pets were seen to react at the moment when their owners started their journey home rather than just at the moment of their arrival. Some even seemed to know when their owner phoned for a taxi!

In the early 1970s, an American soldier paid a surprise visit home from the Vietnam War. But his pet dog was ready for him. Several hours before the soldier arrived, the dog started collecting his owner's personal belongings and piling them up by the door.

CAT ALARM

One September night in 1978, Cuddles, a black and white cat from Western Australia seemed to know what the future held. This much



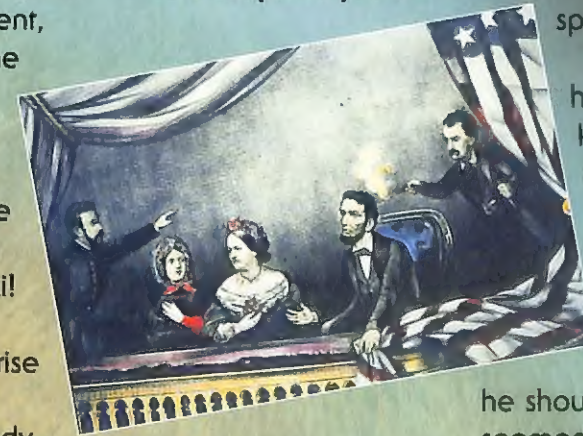
THE TALKING HORSE OF VIRGINIA

▲ HORSEING AROUND!

In the 1950s, a horse called Lady Wonder 'communicated' by typing and was said to have telepathic powers.

GHOSTLY GOINGS ON

A bizarre set of circumstances convinced Sharon Norcross from Nottinghamshire, England that her horse, Bartrum Hill, had been spooked by a ghost.



Sharon called in an animal healer to cure the horse of kicking and biting. As the healer was working, she felt the presence of someone else. She turned to see a ghostly airman wrapped in a parachute. She went over and told the apparition that

he shouldn't be there, which he seemed to accept. After this, Bartrum Hill's behaviour calmed down. Sharon's husband Graham found this story unbelievable, until he learned that a World War II Australian bomber had crashed in their paddock on February 13, 1942. Everyone on board was killed.

So what do you think? Could your pet have psychic powers – or are these stories all just cases of coincidence?

▲ WHAT A HOWLER

Just as an assassin's bullet killed US President, Abraham Lincoln, back home in the White House, his dog was spotted running through the corridors, howling. Did it know what had just happened?

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